

This I believe

Who will succeed when everyone else fails? How do we hang on when the ribbon starts to fray, do we collapse when the walls we rely on fall apart, can we survive when we're thrown into a surrounding where the rules and circumstances are entirely different to the game of life we used to play by? Who will make it and who will break? In life we cannot avoid the inevitable obstacles which will stand in our way no matter which path we choose. So many uncertainties will cloud our minds but I am sure of one thing: when the going gets tough, the tough gets going, this I believe.

Before a particular incident, this saying was just another quote that sounded and looked nice, but now, it means more than just another pretty sentence, for it has essence. Painting back the memory of Track and Field training at Macritchie reservoir that day, up to now, I am not exactly looking forward to something like that again. That training was extremely demanding as the jog was so exhausting, it was a mental battle between the conscience in my head, to stop or to continue. The blazing sun in the sky was just making everything much tougher. I was drenched in perspiration that kept stinging my eyes. Breathing through the nose was no longer possible, my throat was coarse and dry it burned and my ragged and heavy pant was no longer in rhythm. I remember how my muscles throbbed with pain; it felt as if I was running against the ocean waves. There and then I felt like giving up, stop the jog and surrender to defeat. Doubts were just flooding my head, "Why, just why do I put myself through all these pain?" I thought, and every inch of my body was just screaming, "STOP!" I searched ahead for my teammates hoping to give myself one more hope and assurance that we were all this together but I only managed to catch a glimpse of a figure turning a band and out of sight.

Just as a pair of scissors was ready to cut the fragile thread I was mentally holding on to, a Milo advertisement at the bus stop caught my attention. The advertisement said, "When the going gets tough, the tough gets going." Just that sentence did miracles. Something in me clicked and I realized, no doubt the jog was tough, but I was tougher. I suddenly had a last surge of energy and the only thought running through my mind was to get through and finish that long strenuous jog. With that single-minded purpose, I pushed out all thoughts of pain, gritted my teeth and focused ahead to the ending point.

The sense of accomplishment from completing the jog was so overwhelming, it ran in every vein I had. That moment, I felt as though I conquered every mountain and walked through every desert in the world. I knew that that saying at the bus stop did not only get me through that run, it was going to guide me through life and any challenges that come with it. Just that quote, meaning to advertise Milo, is going to change my life and make it so much better. It is going to be the difference, the fine line between success and failure in my life.

I am going to face my fears head on and be tough. I'll be the one to reach the top when everyone else can no longer make the climb. Falling stones and avalanches will not deter me and earthquakes will not shake my dreams. All these thanks to the ingenious person who thought of putting that line on that advertising poster thinking that advertising Milo at the bus stop was going to bring up the sales. I am eternally grateful to someone I do not know, and in turn have not the slightest bit of clue how his idea, had caused such a great influence in my life. If I had passed that person on the street, I did not and will not know, but with all my heart, I thank you.